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from the Author

P O E M S.

BY

Mr. JOSEPH HOLDEN POTT.

QUID VETAT ET NOSMET.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. BECKET, CORNER OF THE ADELPH.

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L O N D O N

PRINTED FOR T. BICKETT, CORNER OF THE ADLPHI

(1875)

O D E I.

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES
NEAR ETON.

WHAT voice of low and solemn sound
Comes wafted down the silent stream?
Oh gentle Sleep, still hover round,
If now the Poet should but dream.

It murmurs still, with secret power
To penetrate and melt the heart,
Ah let an humble Bard implore
One blessing, and in peace depart.

'Tis past—and on the evening air
Calm silence floats, and reigns again,
Yet still the deep tone fills my ear,
And runs through every secret vein.

“ Fond Youth, it said, whose anxious eyes
“ Still turn with penfive sad delight,
“ Where yon fair spires which seek the skies,
“ Mark long-lov'd Eton to the fight.

“ Let gratitude dissolve thy breast,
“ Yes hold those seats for ever dear,
“ But let the sigh be still suppress'd,
“ Nor stain these waters with a tear.

“ For though you left Content behind,
“ You gain'd some gifts of nobler use,
“ A Heart above the world, a Mind
“ No power can awe, no bribe seduce.”

O Father of the winding stream,
For surely thine this voice must be ;
Those tears which you so fruitless deem,
Bring peace and sweet relief to me.

Yet

Yet warn'd by you my willing heart
 The debt of gratitude shall pay,
 For Eton form'd her better part,
 And wash'd at least some stains away.

If base dependance I despise,
 If scorning names by birthright got,
 To fair applause I strive to rise,
 Anxious to grace an humble lot.

If still to nobler motives true,
 My Muse contemns the flatterers part;
 If pomp and power unaw'd I view,
 And pay my homage to the heart:

If from these springs my actions flow,
 If these opinions prompt my tongue,
 My gratitude for all I owe
 To this fair source, for hence they sprung.

O D E II.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

SWEET is the dewy close of day :
 The hour of pensive thought is come.
 O fairest light ! no more delay
 Thy mild approach, but dart thy ray
 Along the gathering gloom.

Some anxious lover waits thee now
 To bless with all he loves his bower,
 Thankful for this, yet more when thou,
 Propitious to his frequent vow,
 Shalt bring an happier hour.

Blest spirit ! whose fair beams lead on
 The dim and feeble age of eve ;
 Alas ! too soon, when thou art gone,
 Foul Darkness, where thy footsteps shone,
 No lightsome trace will leave.

Thy

Thy voice is on the evening air
 Too soft too gentle to alarm
 Calm Silence, shedding every where,
 With cautious step and listning ear,
 Her still and sacred charm.

Short is thy hour, sweet Child of Light!
 Yet leave Tranquillity behind;
 Bid Peace attend the coming night,
 With every air that breaths delight,
 And hush each blustering wind.

For now perhaps her steps may stray
 Through evening's calm, whose cold disdain
 Rejects the Poet's humble lay;
 Ah, teach her eyes a kinder ray,
 Though Love should plead in vain.

Ah, bless with peace her pensive hour,
 And gently, from thy tresses bright,
 Thy welcome dew's refreshing pour
 On every soft reclining flow'r,
 And check encroaching night.

Slow

Slow steering through the falling gloom,
 Each to his lofty waying nest,
 The Rooks, with thickning clamors come,
 From distant flights returning home,
 Warn'd by their hour of rest.

Each bird that cheers the softer hours,
 That lead the glad some day along,
 Now seeks his mate, whilst darkness low'rs,
 And yields to sleep his tuneful powers,
 'Till morn renew the song.

But I, whom grief returning meets,
 Delight unseen alone to stray,
 Seek the dark woods obscure retreats,
 Or musing Sorrows pensive seats,
 And watch the close of day.

ODE

O D E III.

TO THE THAMES.

WHERE thro' its loveliest banks the stream
 In all its pride of brightness flows,
 Where closer willows check the beam
 Which o'er the noon-tide glows,
 The Nymphs of Thames, with fond respect,
 At evening's cool and silent hour,
 With many a rush, and many a flower,
 The Poet's seat have deckt.

Charm'd with the song, each blooming sweet,
 That April-show'rs had scattered round,
 They brought to grace the pensive seat,
 And strew'd them o'er the ground :
 The lowly primrose, wan and pale,
 The freshest turf of liveliest hue,
 The swelling bud, and violet blue,
 That scents the passing gale.

Say

Say, gentle Nymphs, for Silence there
 Too long has held her fullen reign;
 Say, will ye now renew your care,
 To grace an humbler strain.
 Of him, the father of the stream,
 Whose train ye fill, whose thousand springs
 Supply your urns, the Poet sings,
 His praise shall swell the theme.

I see him now, with raptur'd eye,
 Behold fair Egham's honor'd plain*,
 Where Freedom rear'd her banners high,
 And fix'd her future reign.
 Exulting o'er his wat'ry bed,
 To view those plains, where fearless stood
 The Sons of England's noblest blood,
 Aloft he bears his head.

* Runnymede, at no great distance from which the Thames runs.

Whilst

Why flow your waters from their source
 So bright ? unstain'd, unsullied still ?
 Why, but that Freedom guides their course,
 Each Eddie sports at will.
 Whilst every stream of sickly hue,
 Which torpid and confin'd remains
 Its native lustre ne'er retains,
 Nor more delights the view.

From Egham's plain, whilst gliding down,
 Ah turn once more to view yon Race !
 Of candidates for fair renown,
 And honour's vacant place ;
 Fair Scions still to virtue train'd,
 Foremost to guard with generous hearts,
 From public force, or private arts,
 Whate'er their Sires have gain'd.

Fair Eton's Sons—again salute,
 And bless the soil with fondest love,
 For Virtue there first strikes her root,
 And nought the stem shall move.

For

For Learning there, with taste combin'd,
 Her choicest gifts and purest stores,
 Pure as thy stream, still freely pours,
 And forms the shooting mind.

Behold, where Windsor's tow'ring height,
 High rising o'er those lowly seats,
 Surveys thy stream, where, loth to quit
 The Muses lov'd retreats,
 And turning oft past charms to view,
 Your winding stream you lead along,
 And mindful of some former song,
 Delay the last adieu.

Yet linger still, still slowly wind,
 For soon shall London's spires appear,
 'Till griev'd to leave fair Kent behind,
 The mournful Naiads tear
 To briny waves converts the stream;
 Yet, as you pass, bid peace to me
 Beneath the shade, for thou shalt be
 The Poet's pensive theme.

Here

Here, where the Naiads grateful care,
 On Windsor's banks have strew'd a feat,
 Penfive I'll woo the evening air,
 And from the lone retreat,
 Breathe o'er thy filent waves a strain,
 Whose numbers if you deign to hear,
 Returning oft, I'll court thine ear,
 And sing thy praise again.

O D E IV.

ON A FAVOURITE SEAT.

IN yonder wood, where, unconfin'd,
 Fair Nature roves still wild and free,
 Subdued of old by some rude wind,
 Low lies a willow tree.

By the thick shade which once it gave,
 Obscur'd no more, the lucid stream
 Now rolls in light its silent wave,
 Bright with the morning's beam.

The neighbouring trees, which round it spread,
 Wide o'er the trunk their branches bend,
 As warriors o'er the hero dead,
 Protecting shields extend,

O D E

My

My choice to Pleasure's wanton charms,
To thrones of glittering majesty ;
To Fame's high seat, or Love's soft arms,
Prefers this willow tree.

There oft the Moon's blue course I watch,
There view, whilst Silence hovers round,
The passing stream, and, musing, catch
Its circling eddie's sound.

O sweet Tranquillity ! the breeze
Then wafted is thy breath divine ;
Thine ear the mourner's prayer shall please,
And peace shall there be mine.

Sweet Maid of Heaven ! on that fair stream
Thy spirit then delights to dwell,
Whilst Silence, by the Moon's pale beam,
Deserts her lonely cell.

O, do not from my footsteps turn
 Disturb'd, lest peace retire with thee;
 For still my pleasant song to learn,
 I seek the willow tree.

Oft with my friend, though long belov'd,
 Though dear above the world to me,
 My soul, by some soft power inclin'd,
 Sighs for the willow tree.

Blame not my mind, which shuns the round
 Of chearful sweet society,
 For, led by Nature, first I found
 Peace at the willow tree.

O D E V.

TO THE MOON.

O Fairest beam of heavenly light,
 That lead'st the starry train of night;
 Calm Silence smooths thy tranquil way,
 And pensive Sorrow loves thy ray.

When you your silver beams deny,
 All baleful spirits fill the sky;
 The brood of night, of hideous form,
 The desert blast, and watry storm.

But when you reign, the shadowy train
 Of fairy footsteps mark the plain;
 And dimly, by thy beams serene,
 The ghosts of lovers oft are seen.

Where

When thou art hence, the night-owl screams,
The loathsome bat, that all day dreams,
Creeps from some long-forgotten room,
To revel in a deeper gloom.

But when thy fair orb, ever bright,
Rolls through the silent calm of night,
Still to the nightingale's soft song,
In measures slow, you move along.

Oh, come then with thy clouds of snow,
Light floating as the soft winds blow;
Oh come, and through night's cheerless gloom,
Shed one mild ray on yonder tomb.

Those stones, Palemon's bones enclose,
The peace of Heaven's in his repose;
Thy whitening ray, ah gently shed,
On poor Palemon's lowly bed.

'Till

"Till piercing through the deeper night,
 That seals his eyes, a purer light
 Shall burst the bonds of mortal clay,
 When thou thyself shalt fade away.

O D E VI.

FOR AN ALTAR TO VENUS.

BEFORE this shrine let none appear,
Without some gift by Love made dear;
Some pledge to gain the mystic ring,
Hither, Sisters, hither bring.

Sweet Maiden, hither roses bear,
And move the Goddess in your prayer.
To make their fading late and slow,
And still to thee like grace to show.

But you, fair Bride, must offer here,
The Myrtle green through all the year;
And pray that no cold chill may blast
Her leaves, which else must ever last;

And

And still with vows and duty meet,
Like favour for yourself intreat;
For nothing but disgust's cold chill,
Your lasting chaste delights can kill.

The favourite lock, whose snares surprise,
And hold in bonds the lover's eyes,
Once floating on the wind's light wing,
Hither, Sisters, hither bring.

The Ivy bough that loves to twine,
The soft arms of the mossy Vine,
And all the breath of flowery spring,
Hither, Sisters, hither bring.

If now thy bridal night be nigh,
In hopes that swift the hours may fly,
Loos'd from the molting Turtle's wing,
The softest plumes, sweet Maiden, bring.

Great Venus will the gift receive,
And to the lagging hours will give
The present, that their quick'ned flight
May sooner bring the happy night.

But if for some false youth you pine,
Engrave upon the sacred shrine
His name with thine in cyphers twin'd,
And pray that thus your loves be join'd.

But leave the pale sad willow here,
And let thy off'ring be a tear;
Great Venus in that tear shall mix
A charm, his faithless heart to fix.

Soft tokens giv'n with softer sighs,
Sad lines read o'er with wat'ry eyes;
And songs, which no rude voice can sing,
Hither, Sisters, hither bring.

'Fore,

'Fore all, to make success your own,
 Gentle hearts that ne'er have known,
 Save of love, one secret sting,
 Hither, Sisters, hither bring.

And mingle with her parting sigh
 Search all that courts or thins the eye
 Remaining, tell to none but me
 Each charm, which you alone may see

O D E VII.

T O T H E W I N D .

SWEET silent Breeze of noon, to thee
 The proudest bosom still is free.
 With softest murmur greet the maid,
 To whose cold heart my vows are paid.
 Full oft to thee, sweet soothing guest,
 She loosens all her snowy breast;
 And, oh, no gently swelling sail,
 That opens to thy passing gale,
 E'er heav'd so lovely to the sight,
 As heaves that breast of soft delight,
 Than winter's shroud more white.

Each charm, which you alone may see,
 Returning, tell to none but me.
 Search all that courts or shuns the eye,
 And mingle with her parting sigh:

Thy

Thy breath, thence fraught with balmy power,
 On every weed shall leave a flower:
 Yet none like that fair rose shall be,
 Which dyes her cheek, when kiss'd by thee;
 The Morning's blush, or Evening's glow,
 The blooming spring, or wint'ry bow,
 No tints so fair can show.

No Sun shall drink its filken bloom,
 No wint'ry Blasts its dyes consume:
 Grief ne'er shall raise her banners pale,
 Where now those tints of health prevail.
 But Youth shall feed the glowing dyes,
 Unstain'd by Sorrow's withering sighs:
 For ah, too well, alas! I know
 She ne'er can feel a Lover's woe:
 For had she known the secret pain,
 She ne'er would wound, with such disdain,
 A heart, that pines in vain.

Ah ! plead, sweet Breeze, a Lover's part,
 And pour thy mildness o'er her heart.
 Ah, say, though Time goes softly past,
 He marks his footsteps plain at last ;
 And leaves them in the fairest face,
 In waning Beauty's vacant place.
 Her cruel scorn at least reprove,
 For scorn's a hard reward for love.
 Ah, bid her not that power abuse,
 Ah, bid her not that heart refuse,
 Which she may grieve to lose.

O D E V I I I.

T O T H E R O B I N.

SWEET lonely bird, of all most fit
 For pensive scenes, since thou canst quit
 Society's unpleasing throng,
 And lov'st alone to tune thy song
 The naked thorn now bids thee fear
 A bleaker, ruder season near;
 Still to my vine-bound window come,
 And share the Poet's scanty crum.
 Enjoy my hearth's warm chearing heat,
 From cold and want still sure to meet
 A friendly safe retreat;

The herd will seek the friendly stall,
 The groves last tarnish'd leaf will fall,
 And soon a keener blast will blow,
 And scatter wide the gathering snow;

Pay then thy visit void of dread,
 For here each morn thy meal I'll spread :
 And greet with joy each safe return,
 'Till taught by gratitude, you learn
 The courage want inspir'd before,
 And fear to venture down no more,
 But boldly trust the floor.

For ever from his threshold fly,
 Who, void of honour, once shall try,
 With base inhospitable breast,
 To bar the freedom of his guest.
 O rather seek the peasant's shed,
 For he will give the wasted bread,
 And fear some new calamity*,
 Should any there spread snares for thee,
 Still welcome here thy visit pay,
 Thy notes shall cheer the low'ring day,
 And smooth thy Poet's lay.

* A country superstition that it is unlucky to keep Robins.

ELEGIES.

E L E G Y
ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

THE trembling dew hang gathering round
the thorn,

And deeper shades grow fast upon the night,
Mild evening comes, but comes with step forlorn,
And big with images of past delight.

For oh the hallow'd sod unsettled yet,
Tho' many an eye sheds there a soft ning show'r,
Lies loose o'er him who lov'd with me to quit
The crowds of life, to share this pensive hour.

Where'er I turn each well known spot can show,
Some trace of pleasures to return no more,
O'er each accustom'd path, my tears should flow,
To wash some print where he has trod before.

O'er

Turn, gentle passenger, his tomb to view,
 For oh near yonder tow'ring spire it lies,
 Like which, if virtue had her honours due,
 In reverend grandeur it should pierce the skies.

Yet vain the pomp that wins the vulgar eye,
 In costly tombs forgotten tenants rest,
 Whilst some in ruder oak still deathless lie,
 And leave a monument in every breast.

Vain is the sculptor's art, or trophy'd tomb,
 Virtue alone the grave's cold chill can bear,
 Virtue alone can shine thro' all its gloom;
 The world's proud sickly blossoms wither there.

With slow and silent step draw gently near.—
 If worldly views engage thy busy heart,
 Take from the dead one lesson for thy tear,
 And weighing well the mournful truth depart.

Ah think, then child of earth ! e'er hence you go,
 What future life may have in store for thee.
 Dare'st thou not meet death's near and certain blow ?
 Sleep not the dead from pain, from sickness free ?

Feel they the poor man's shame, the proud man's
 scoff ?

And who art thou that these shalt never know ?
 Of all her sons has Nature cut thee off
 From thy inheritance, thy share of woe ?

No ! thou'rt a man, confests it with a sigh,
 Learn then to prize the blessings of the grave,
 Go and give thanks that thou wast form'd to die,
 Then tell the proudest tyrant, he's a slave.

E L E G Y

T O F A N C Y .

O Heaven-born spirit ! beam of fairest light,
Child of the mind, whose visions swell thy lay,
Who scorn'st the world's strait limits in thy flight,
Whose touch the scatter'd forms of things obey.

Thy secret impulse which awakes the soul,
Bids heavenly figures rise from whence we trace
The sweet resemblance, whilst you weave the whole,
Spreading the soft'ning tints with sweetest grace.

Come to thy Poet's breast, dispel his fears
Of her disdain, whom he has lov'd so long ;
For full-swol'n sorrow with her briny tears,
O'erwhelms his soul and mingles in his song.

Drowns

Drowns each warm thought, as when the salt-sea
breaks

O'er all its limits, and with whelming tide
Devours the sweetness of the crystal lakes,

Pollutes each stream, and blots the meadow's
pride.

Come to my breast, which first was taught by thee
To scorn dull Art and Study's wrinkled brow,
Call into life the withered buds of thought,
And wake the lyre, which none can wake but
thou.

D

THE

THE TALE OF ECHO.

REST, fair Maid ! O rest thee here,
Where these willow'd waters flow ;
The noon-tide gale shall fill thine ear,
And, murmuring, breathe the words of woe.
If secret grief has taught thy mind
To shun the crowd and mourn apart,
In pensive silence here reclin'd,
Indulge the sigh that swells thy heart.

Think not the stone, which now sustains
Your arm of snow, was planted here
By careless hands ; these worn remains
Demand a sad and pious tear.

Though

Though Time, which fills up every wound,
 Has clos'd with moss the sculptur'd name;
 Though creeping weeds, that twine around,
 Have hid it from the search of Fame;

And though Oblivion opens slow
 Her bosom to its sinking weight,
 Yet Echo heard the shrieks of woe,
 And can the mournful Tale relate.

And when in many a year one maid,
 As mild of heart, as chaste, as fair,
 As she, whose ashes here are laid,
 Wooes to this spot the evening air.

The hollow breeze shall sooth her breast
 With Echo's Tale, and claim a tear:
 For she, your mind, your charms possess'd,
 Whose silent ashes slumber here.

The hand of Nature form'd her face,
 To move esteem in every breast;
 For gentle blood and native grace,
 And peace and love were there express'd.

Where these soft waves in silence flow,
 At evening's close, the youth she sought;
 Whose eyes first taught her cheek to glow,
 Flush'd with a warm and tender thought.

The shrill winds whistled round her head,
 And darkness mock'd the straining eye;
 Foul night her raven locks had spread,
 Wet with thick damps thro' all the sky.

The ruthless Blast sung through her hair,
 But patient Hope her fears allay'd;
 And when her cold lips breath'd a prayer,
 Not for herself that prayer was made.

She

She wander'd round the destin'd place,
 And listen'd oft and wept through fear;
 The rude brier tore her beauteous face,
 And mix'd with blood the falling tear.

At length she found her love, she thought
 He slept, the cold ground was his bed;
 Trembling, his stony hand she caught,
 She call'd, nor knew she call'd the dead.

For he had met his secret foe;
 Unarm'd, alas! in vain he strove;
 A Rival's malice aim'd the blow,
 In dire revenge of slighted love.

All pierc'd with wounds, and warm in blood,
 He dragg'd the breathless body here,
 In cruel sport; she shriek'd aloud,
 And rent with cries the troubled air.

Her fair locks to the winds she gave,
 And fought, with frantic grief possess'd,
 This guilty stream; the ruthless wave
 Clos'd o'er her head, she sunk to rest.

By pious hands this stone was laid,
 By pious eyes 'twas water'd o'er:
 Such was her fate. For thee, fair maid,
 Heaven keep a happier lot in store.

E P I S T L E

FROM ANNA BOLEYN TO HENRY VIII.

O Turn not, Henry, from the words of woe,
 One moment's pitying pause at least bestow.
 The sternest justice can to none deny,
 The common grace of pleading ere they die.
 When only mercy can the doom revoke,
 Yet Justice often mourns the lifted stroke;
 Relents, tho' fix'd her dread resolve she keeps,
 And like the cold unsoftened marble weeps.
 Fear not lest softer pity mix a charm
 In these sad lines thy anger to disarm,
 Tho' I should paint the prison * whence I write,
 Yet you have doom'd me to a deeper night,

* In an epistle sent by her to Henry, which Mr. Hume
 justly commends for its beautiful simplicity; she represents
 her confinement as very rigorous, dating her letter "*from
 my dolefull prison in the Tower.*"

To

To Death—from that dread name why shrinks my
Heart ?

Nature, great Nature, will perform her part.
Dire is the shock which checks the genial flood
The life-warm flow of animated blood.
From Death's tremendous steep in vain we try
Downward to send an open, dauntless eye ;
Each rising fear in vain would hope controul,
The head will swim and sickness seize the soul.
Tho' us'd Misfortune's blackest frowns to view,
The wretch still shudders at Death's dreaded hue.
Shall then a woman, nurs'd in thoughts serene,
Whose eyes the fairest front of things have seen,
View him unmov'd in this worst shape appear,
Nor feel that shock which strikes the brave with fear.

Bafe envy marked me from her secret stand,
Yet pin'd in vain till arm'd by your command.
By all my service full indeed of Love
When with thy cutting cold neglect I strove,
By every pang my bosom then endur'd
Without complaint, by every tie conjur'd,

Ah

Ah, from thy breast her venom'd serpents tear,
 And Heaven shall nourish peace for ever there.
 If e'er in happier hours my name was dear,
 And carried soft delight to Henry's ear,
 If Mother added to the name of Wife
 Can move thee, shun the Foes who seek my Life.
 For sooner Nature shall forget her Laws
 Than black suspicion find a real cause.
 Deaf to their arts let Innocence prevail,
 For Henry's heart could never forge the tale.
 Yet Henry's heart too soon the tale receiv'd,
 Well pleas'd for secret ends to seem deceiv'd.
 Their whispers else no more could shake thy love
 Than feeble winds the mountain's base can move.
 The mine of future ruin lurks within,
 Such dire convulsions at the heart begin.

But if your heart has pall'd upon my love,
 Must Death the object from your eyes remove?
 If in Your Joy these arms no more are blest,
 Must Death be call'd to snatch me from your
 breast?

Thy

Thy Hand has rooted from its genial bed
 The tender plant, its fairest leaves are shed;
 Ah, let it harmless then in peace decay,
 Nor stoop to crush what soon must fade away.
 When wasting woes the springs of Life infest,
 And Death remains my only place of rest,
 These languid veins unequal to the strife
 Will drop the treasure of exhausted Life.
 Plunge not in sudden night the last faint ray
 Of feeble Nature's fast declining day.
 In some obscure retirement let me wait,
 Dead to the world and thee, the stroke of fate.
 Till Heaven engross, releas'd from worldly care,
 That heart intire which you once deign'd to share.
 Oh let some Convent's holy walls receive
 My faded form, the world I'll gladly leave,
 For humble was my bosom's earliest bent,
 In quiet scenes and peaceful thoughts content.
 Thus Fortune found me, blest in thoughts serene,
 With eyes ne'er roving to a brighter scene.
 With all her arts she sought to win my ear,
 And bade her fairest visions all appear.

With

With softest care she rais'd me in her arms,
 And whispered still to rest my first alarms.
 Warm in her open bosom borne away,
 We gain'd the confines of a brighter day :
 With soothing words she lull'd each rising fear,
 And show'd and gave what prouder minds hold dear,
 But e'er I well perceiv'd the gathering frown,
 The op'd her treacherous arms and hurl'd me down,
 Down to despair and death ; no hopes elate,
 No vain ambition merited the fate.
 Thus fall'n, ah, let me in some holy seat,
 A wretched outcast find a last retreat.
 There let me pour in prayers my parting breath,
 Till all my hopes and fears resolve in Death.
 With constant vows I'll weary Heaven to shed
 Its mercies and forgiveness on your Head.
 And if the Grave to happier scenes should lead,
 I'll there petition mercy for thy deed.
 But should the stain of blood pollute thy heart,
 No Saint dares vindicate a murderer's part.
 Ah, shun a crime whose foul and hated dye,
 Mercy herself beholds with sickning eye.

And

And which, whilst awful Justice holds her sway,
 Redeeming Sorrow cannot wipe away.
 The Blood of Innocence though spilt by Kings,
 Potent as spells, works strange and signal things ;
 One drop in retributions equal scale,
 Will sink the poise and over all prevail ;
 The guiltless victim's last expiring groan,
 Has power to shake the proudest monarch's throne.

At least remit, though pity plead in vain,
 The rigor of those hours which yet remain ;
 For nought but horrors dwell around me here,
 And wake the thought of death with doubled fear ;
 When calmer thoughts my bosom should prepare,
 The groan of agony disturbs my prayer ;
 No friend is here to mix her tears with mine,
 To raise my drooping eyes to views divine ;
 To hear what anxious thoughts my mind employ,
 And point to realms of light and lasting joy.

But wherefore shrinks my soul ? why fear to go
 Where blefsful harvests spring from seeds of woe ;

I shall

I shall but live, if fate the stroke delays,
 To waste in misery a few sad days,
 Which wake me to no duties, no delights,
 When hope to better brighter scenes invites.
 'Twere best to earth at once the load to cast,
 Than drag it till it sink me down at last;
 Come, Resignation! teach me how to meet,
 The awful day that makes thy work compleat:
 Teach me that all my hopes of joy now lie
 Within the circle of thy patient eye,
 Teach me to change with joy and brow serene,
 To that of Saint, the dang'rous name of Queen;
 The conflict's past—the pang of death is o'er,
 The rest is dissolution, fear'd no more.
 Yet let one last request, than life more dear,
 Dear as my hopes of heaven, find Henry's ear;
 The God who calls me from this restless earth,
 Gave to a mother's hopes a happy birth.
 Oh dear Elizabeth! * sweet pledge of love!
 More than my fruitless tears thy youth may move.

* Afterwards Queen of England.

Though

Though thee no more her bosom can defend,
 Whom nature makes the first and dearest friend,
 Tho' from her fost'ring care for ever torn,
 Still to thy years no hatred can be borne;
 Oh may her name sink deep in Henry's breast,
 And blot the stamp away by wrath impress'd;
 As now my tears which still unbidden rise,
 And rush from ceaseless sources to my eyes,
 Sink thro' these lines and blot the words of woe;
 Ah, let not dire revenge pursue her blow.
 And when in future years the hand of time
 Has form'd her beauties to their fullest prime,
 Mark'd in her countenance perhaps some trace
 May then appear of wretched Anna's face;
 Perhaps remembrance of one once held dear
 May melt your heart, and start into a tear;
 Ah, by that pious tear conjur'd, relate,
 And clear, to her at least, from guilt my fate;
 Else she will blush to hear her mother's name,
 And nature's tear conceal with secret shame.
 Whate'er of love relentless fate shall leave
 Blank and unfill'd to me, let her receive:

Secure of this I'd smiling meet my fate,
I'd call thee good, and merciful as great;
To Heaven's severe decree impute my death,
And load with prayers for Thee my parting breath.

Poemata Latina.

Secure of this I'd smiling meet my fate,
I'd call thee good, and merciful as great;
To Heaven's eternal doors, impure my death,
And long with prayers for thee my parting breath.

Poemata Latina.

E

Poemata Latina.

Te

En cliens adsum, sequor et Cupido!

Signa captivus tua; Servitutis

Numine fausto

Tu mihi redda leviora vincula;

Tu per arduos oculos amantiss

Qui voluptatem trepidam, metumq.

Et fervida stillas

Vota, non olim metuende vestra

Regna derifi, neq. certiore

Dexteram spreui rapido trifulci

Fulminis ictu.

Te meæ Patrem memorem camænæ,
Te fui cantûs pariter patronum
Musa laudabit, memori celebrans
Carmine nomen.

Nempe quo nusquam tua dextra flores
Sparfit indulgens, minime placebit
Carmen, et frustra docet ars inertes
Currere versus.

Musa contractâ sine te laborat
Pennâ, et indignis onerata vinclis
Lanquet ardoris proprii, tuiq.
Numinis expers.

QUÆ SAGA, QUIS TE SOLVERE THESSALIO
MAGNUS VENENIS, QUIS POTERIT DEUS ?

SCILICET me Fatidicus verendâ
Voce prædixit fore vulneratum
Spiculis, quæ certa vibrat Corinnæ
Lumen, Amoris.

Rifi et haud ultra memini pericla
Non procul, prædicta mihi, dolore
Nunc at expletos revoca. filenti
Mens mea cantus.

Verba re tandem bene sunt probata,
At meæ qui vaticinatus olim
Damna fortunæ poterit vicissim
Ferre levamen ?

Heu parum. Sagæ valeant venena
Non mihi, recte neque ter vocata
Diva nunc luctus Hecate vel ipsa

Tollere possit.

At quidem fallax mihi conditarum
Proditor rerum, fore mitiorem
Nempe promisit, facilemq. voto
Semper Amorem.

Tu meæ sed Deliciæ Corinna!
Vindices te carminibus potentem
Theffalis æque, quibus invocata
Æthera liquit.

Luna sub noctem, mea jam benigno
Qui velut carmen magicum per omne
Cor novos sensus stimulet, resolve
Vincula risu.

ELEG.

E L E G. I.

QUALIA ferta feram, quæ munera florea templis
 Digna tuis, adsis quo mihi faustus Amor!
 Mistâ rosâ myrtus circum tua fana virescant,
 Vitis amans ulmi pendeat ante fores.
 Illic si longum teneant mea ferta virorem
 Gaudebo, nostræ tum valere preces:
 Tres modo post soles referam tibi ferta Corrinna
 Non tali spernas munera grata Deo.
 Sin cito depereant ipsis male languida fanis
 Plorabo, nostræ tum cecidere preces:
 Sertaq. sub pedibus calcans mala, tristis abibo,
 Proq. rosâ cingat tempora mæsta Salix.

E L E G. II.

Turribus et gothicis quondam circumdata muris

Sacrata hic steterat Religione domus.

Nunc jacet in terram rudis indigestaq. moles,

Parva tamen decoris signa prioris habet.

• Hos ætas tristes plorans persæpe triumphos,

Sarcire et cupiens quod tulit ipsa malum,

Tandem hederæ passim nutantia mœnia nexu

Obstrinxit, penitus né labefacta cadant.

Jam vitæ impatiens, luctu perculsus acerbo,

Seu tulerat vulnus mors, vel iniquus amor,

Forfitan invenit Miser hic fomenta doloris,

Pacis et ipse cliens, et pietatis amans.

• Yet the hoar Tyrant, though not mov'd to spare,

Relented, when he struck its finish'd pride;

And partly the rude ravage to repair,

The tott'ring towers with twisted ivy ty'd.

CUNNINGHAM.

Nempe

Nempe senex illic claustris seclusus opacis

Suaviter annorum triste trahebat onus.

Ah fuge! si dederit tibi mentem sedibus istis

Natura invisam, sic leviora juvent.

Si dederit sine fonte oculos, sine pondere mentem

Prima Parens, Levitas seu mala, siste pedem.

Vel tacite ignotos hospes mirare dolores,

Inq. solum fixo lumine tristis abi.

E L E G. III.

O Tu divinum versans sub pectore regnum,
 Tu nunquam curis non operata tuis
 Melpomene, veros rerum Tu sola colores
 Observans, animi turgida vota regis.
 Tu tacite repetis mæstæ vestigia mentis,
 Dum dolor in lacrymis pascitur ipse suis.
 Quis rogat obscuras solum reptare per umbras
 Cur juvat? et tristi fundere voce modos,
 Cur juvat et gressu mediâ sub nocte silenti
 Sæpe sepulcrales mortis adire domos?
 Credat me nunquam gazis Orientis et Indi
 Hanc horæ sacram vertere velle moram.
 Cum miseris vitæ rebus curisq. relictis
 Prædulci luctu mens, lacrymisq. vacat.
 Nulla peto, tacite mærens, fomenta doloris,
 Nulla medela placet, nam placet ipse dolor.

ELEG.

E L E G. IV

Roscida Gutta, levi Zephyro quæ dulcior hortis
 Sub nocte incertum dat tremulumq. Jubar,
 Vix unâ vitreis irrorat nocte ligustrum
 Gemmis, nec cœlum sole tenente manet.
 Non ita continuo fletu nostra irrigat ora
 Lacryma, quod fundat semper ocellus habet.
 Ecce breves, madidis quas nigrans discuit alis
 Auster, aquæ sudum dant, renovantq. diem.
 Et meus urget aquas oculus, sed nubila mentis
 Crescunt, post lacrymas nec minus atra dies.
 Nam tristes lacrymæ et miserum testantia luctum
 Lumina, te minime dura Corinna! movent.
 Sed mihi ploranti cum Tu modo lenis ocellis
 Subrides, cadit et lacryma, abitq. dolor.

ELEG.

E L E G. V.

AMICO ETONENSI.

Nempe, tui immemorem nunquam, me Fata
retardant.

Te procul, et mediis hic posuere malis.

Dum tibi Fortuna arridens non ulla negavit

Gaudia, quæ virtus in sua jura trahit.

Utere Fortunâ, tua nunc pars aurea vitæ

Ferrea dum nobis stamina Fata movent.

Ter juvenis felix quem nondum serior ætas

Edocuit quid sit fata sinistra pati

Cui Mane invisum non unquam fulsit, inerti

Cui non ulla dies currere visa gradu.

Oh quoties notis gaudet mens nostra reverti

Sedibus, oh quoties error amicus abit!

Sæpe juvat vitâ dulci sub imagine rerum

Præteritâ solito posse tenore frui.

Tunc acri anxietas dulcedine mista serenat

Pectora,

Pectora, Lætitiâ dulcior iste dolor.
 Felix quem sylvas inter reptare salubres
 Spectat, quemq. suo mulcet Etona sinu.
 Qua non ulla gravem facies testatâ dolorem,
 Qua vigil anxietas nil sibi sedis habet.
 Prima illic, longi nobis solamen in annos,
 Purus amicitiae semina nutrit amor.
 O foveat nobis illa ætas semina, messem
 Senior ut nunquam lædere possit hyems.
 O durent hæc prima diu vestigia corde
 Non abolenda tuo, non abolenda meo.
 O nunquam pereat nota jucundissima mentis,
 Quam potius tempus firmet, alatq. dies.

E L E G. VI.

A D E U N D E M.

ECCĒ iterum renovat dulces mea musa labores,
 Et rursus solitum Carminis urget opus.
 Cum comitis perstrinxit amor mea corda relictī,
 Labitur in molles mæsta querela modos.
 Et cum dilectam memorat mens tristis Etonam
 In numeros faciles reperē verba solent.
 Tempore non ullo mea musa filebit Etonam,
 Nam dedit ipsa cani, poscit et ipsa modos.
 Illā jampridem vixit sub teste beatum,
 Tempora nunc pectus novit amara pati.
 Doctrinæq. fitim, dedit et mihi carminis artem,
 Te simul, his donum charius, illa dedit.
 Muneris et nuquam moreretur gratia tanti,
 Nam solum hoc fati jure necesq. caret.
 Præteriit nostræ velox aurora diei.
 Tu tamen es felix, non ego mæstus ero.

Jam

Jam nostra infusis miscentur mella venenis
 Cur querimur ? maneant pocula pura tibi.
 Fortunam objurgo minime quod dona recusat,
 Abnuat ista mihi, sed dedit ista tibi
 Illius æqua parum quantumvis dextra videtur
 Quisq. tamen trutinam quod bene complet, habet
 Nam si in deliciis habuit te diva beatum,
 Quæ tibi fors felix, sit quoq. fausta mihi.

F I N I S.